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CONTENTS

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THE LURE OF THE WATER

BLANCHE L. WRIGHT, '18

Poets of every land and nation have sung of the sea, and people of every land and nation have glimpsed through the poet's verses something more of the wonder and beauty and charm of the mighty Neptune than they had imagined. It may be the joyful, rollicking billows with their crests sparkling in the sunlight,—it may be the wild fury of the storm as the breakers beat against the rocks,—it may be merely the gentle lapping of the whispering waves in a calm, or their lazy murmur at dusk,—it may be any of the various moods of the sea—in a way everyone can find something that appeals to him; but beneath all the quiet and peace, or the noise and storm, there is hidden the treachery—the tragedy of the sea—the low voice calling, always calling, gently wooing and beckoning to follow; and so cleverly is the note of deceit veiled that it is never once heeded.

The Germans, probably more than any other people, since they have had no close connection with the sea, write of its spell and power; and when we stop to consider that what little coast line Germany possesses is misty lowland, damp and foggy, we do not wonder that her poets fancied the mystical, legendary atmosphere of the sea. For them, the water was the cause of many strange and superstitious fears. Schiller, in his "Wilhelm Tell" brings out two instances of this—that, on the day of Saint Simon and Saint Jude the lake demanded a victim; and that beautiful maidens who lived in the water's depths lured men to

their homes or to treacherous rocks where they were wrecked. The presentation of the fisher-boy, at the opening of the drama, rocking in his boat, and singing, is very effective.

> "Inviting the bather, the bright lake is leaping;
> The fisher boy lies on its margin a-sleeping;
> Then hears he a music like flutes in its tone,
> Like voices of angels in Eden alone.
> And as he awakens, enraptured and blest,
> The waters are playing around his breast;
> And a voice from the waters says, "Mine thou must be!
> I wait for the sleeper, I lure him to me."

Goethe has used this same theme for his "Fischerknaben". Undoubtedly this and the idea of sirens originated with the Greeks; but the Germans adopted it very extensively and used it in much of their literature. "Die Lorelei", with its charming background of mountain peaks, the beautiful maiden on the rocks combing her hair and luring the sailors to ruin, is familiar to everyone.

Many other German poets have painted the sea in its charm and allurement simply. Stolberg describes it as "Nature's deep, mysterious tomb, the music of whose murmuring deep, soothes e'en the weary world to sleep." Heine spent some time at Norderney, and while there he contributed some of his most exquisite nature poems. In "Abenddammrung" he speaks of the billows with their "strange sound,—a whispering and a whistling, a laughing and a murmuring, a sighing and a howling, and between it all, a singing, as of a cradle song in the home." Again, in "Auf dem Rhein", we find "Friendlily greeting and promising, the splendor of the stream lures me downward. But I know it—glittering above, its inmost part conceals death and night. Above, desire; in its bosom, treachery."

Although our own poets have not neglected the water as a subject for their verses, yet they have chosen an entirely different view of it. The few who have told us of the mythical character of the waves have borrowed their material from the German ideas or from fairy tales. Strangely appealing are the lines from Spalding,

"Beneath thy spell, O radiant summer sea,
Lulled by thy voice, rocked on thy shining breast,
* * * * Let all thy treacheries forgotten be.
* * * * I, with eyes still wet
With thy salt tears, and heart still wrung with pain,
Back to thy fierce, sweet beauty turn again;
And though thou wreck me will I love thee yet."

Arnold's "Forsaken Merman", founded on the legend of the mortal who wedded a merman but, at the sound of the church bell, felt that she must leave husband and children, is a masterpiece. A certain pathetic tragedy of the sea caves is pictured, but in what a changed aspect!

"Come, children dear, was it yesterday
We heard the sweet bells over the bay?
In the caverns where we lay,
Through the surf and through the swell,
The far-off sound of a silver bell?
Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep;
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam,
Where the salt weed sways in the stream?
When did music come this way?
Children dear, was it yesterday?

* * * *

Come, dear children, come away down;
Call no more!
One last look at the white-wall'd town,
And the little gray church on the windy shore;
Then come down!
She will not come though you call all day;
Come away, come away!"

Longfellow's poems in their simplicity and directness appeal to old and young alike.

"Darkness settles on roofs and walls,
But the sea, the sea in the darkness calls;
The little waves with their soft, white hands

Efface the foot-prints in the sands,
And the tide rises, the tide falls."

We marvel at the beauty of the sea; we wonder at its strength; we are held by its spell; and we cannot but think of the Ruler and Maker of the universe Who "maketh the storm a calm so that the waves thereof are still."

Where to? It doesn't matter
Only far enough to lose the sight of chimneys.
Is there a moon? Well, maybe,
Do I want company? No not this time,
The stars and sky are company enough.

Moonlight, glittering dazzle of brightness,
Shadows of trees, dark on the grass,
Sound of the river somewhere near,
Feel of the rough ground under my feet
Brush of the wind on my face, on my hair,
Smell of the pines, and the mist, and the earth,
That's living.

HAZEL HUTCHINS, '19

"THE CARPENTER'S SON"

CLAIR VINCENT CHESLEY, '12

"Prick of thorns, and glorious shame"—
(You must know how the story runs!);
"Biting scourge, and a soul of flame"—
(You know the glory, Carpenter's-sons!).

* * * *

The Carpenter's son came down the street;
He felt how dawn at his pulses beat;
He groped for his adze and his plummet-lead;
But:—"I bring a Sword; not Peace", he said.

The Carpenter's son toiled early and late,
Hewing the massive door-beam straight.
Like all good toilers, so they say,
He never quarrelled over his pay.

The Carpenter's son hung up on high;
Sport of the harlot swaying by.
Crown of thorn-spikes on his head—
"I am the Light of the World", he had said.

* * * *

"Prick of thorns, and glorious name"—
(You must know how the story runs!);
Smiting scourge, and a soul aflame"—
(What are you building, Carpenter's-sons?).

ORDINARY ONES

CATHERINA WOODBURY, '19

A boy was stooping over a heap of chips in the shed, filling a basket. Behind him was a low bench over which hung a few tools; at his side were two piles of wood neatly split. A shrill, complaining voice came from the kitchen, "Dan, supper's ready." Dan shrank back involuntarily as his father had often done. But the next moment he raised his sunburned face and answered, "Yes, Mother, I'll be with you in a minute."

The plain supper on the dining room table contrasted strangely with the silver sugar set and the dainty old china dishes that had been Mr. Weston's mother's. As Dan slipped in place opposite his mother, he bent his head forward and said, "We thank thee, God, for what thou hast given us. Wilt thou always be with us to help us." For this, like the sugar set and dishes was a heritage of his father's family which he had accepted and which his mother had never questioned. When, two years ago, his father knew that he was to die, he had called his son to him and had said,

"Danny, boy, you must take care of Mother now. You must do my part together with your own."

Dan had never forgotten. He did not see his mother's gaunt figure, her gray wisps of hair, or her sharp features; only unconsciously did he hear her sharp voice. His feeling toward her had become that of a son and a lover too.

This evening she broke the usual quiet of their meal with, "You can go to high school."

Dan's face grew radiant and he could not refrain from jumping from the table, running out on the lawn, and turning several cart wheels and hand springs. Ever since the day in the spring when he had graduated from the grammar school, he had hoped that there would be enough money for him to go to high school in the village four miles away. He had just righted

himself when his mother reminded him that his supper was getting cold.

"Oh, Mother, I'm so glad," he panted as he again took his place. Then his face became quiet and he added, "Can we afford it?"

His mother replied. "It's all right. You can walk back and forth, and take your dinners. The tuition ain't only eight dollars a term, twenty-four in all. We'll sell all the apples but a few, and you can take some of the money you earned this summer. You can wear your best suit and get another to dress up in. You'd better walk to the village tomorrow to that store where your father always went and get them to fit a cheap suit to you."

The preparations had all been made and Dan was daily walking back and forth to school with his dinner box under his arm and his books flung over his shoulder. Though his school required much time, he did not neglect any of the tasks for his mother. He always worked directly before and after meals, though by so doing he had to study alone, for his mother always went to bed to be ready for her early morning's work.

He became a favorite among the boys and always at recess joined in their outdoor sports on sunny days or their fun and jokes in the assembly room in stormy weather. One day their jokes seemed to drag. One boy, thinking he could start some fun, said,

'Dan, who's yer sweetheart?" Who do you love better'n any one else?"

Dan quickly replied, "My mother, of course."

Everybody laughed, but one of the older boys said, "You all would if you had one as handsome as mine."

Whereupon another intervened, "Oh, I bet she isn't such a peach as mine. My mother is tall and has black hair and eyes; and don't they snap when she tells me to do a thing."

"Aw!" declared another one, "My mother isn't tall. She's just a dot and is pink and white and has blue eyes. She's a corker."

A fourth then broke in, "Cut it out, you babies."

Dan listened and thought of his own mother. For the first time he saw her awkward figure, her scanty hair, and her unpleasant features. He slipped away from the group, went to his desk, pulled out a book, and sat as if studying. During the rest of the session, whenever he looked at the boys, he would think of this beautiful tall woman and this pretty, gentle, little one. Then the form of his own mother would appear beside them. That evening, after he had asked the blessing, he looked at his mother and said to himself, "I don't care. She's my mother. And she's as good as theirs if she is homely."

But Dan did not forget the boys' mothers as soon as he had expected. The next morning Jim boasted of how easy factoring was now that his mother had shown him how to do it. Tom had said,

"You needn't feel so big. My mother always reads the "Lays of Ancient Rome" with me and tells me what they mean."

Their forms kept coming to Dan as he sat alone that evening and struggled over his lessons. But he would quickly rub his hand over his eyes, then get up and either put a fresh stick of wood in the fire or rearrange the paper that was shading the lamp so that the light would not shine so much in his mother's bedroom.

He had just reached school the next day when Jim came rushing up to him and announced that it was his birthday Friday, that he was to have a party, and that Dan was to come and stay all night. Dan replied that he could not leave his mother alone. But the boy so urged him to get someone else to stay with her that he consented to ask her about it.

When he suggested it to her, she said, "All right." But she resolved to herself that she would not bother with a strange boy.

Dan donned his best suit in the morning and started for school after a warning from his mother to be careful of it, for he would not get another for a long time.

It was fourteen hungry happy boys that sat down to the table in Jim's mother's dining room. The big cake with fourteen lighted candles was in the center. Jim's mother herself

served the boys. It was the first time Dan had seen her and he could hardly keep his eyes away from her as she moved about among them in her beautiful red velvet gown, and joked with them.

After each one had stored away as much ice cream and cake as possible, they all went into the living room where they were joined by Jim's mother and sister. They played games merrily together for the whole evening.

When the boys had bade them goodnight and had left Jim, his mother and sister, and Dan alone in the hall, his mother said,

"Let's go into the den and get warm by the fireplace."

The boys lay on the rug in front of the fireplace at the foot of the two big chairs in which the women were sitting; and Dan could have touched the velvet hem of the dress with his hand.

Thus they talked over the evening's fun. Finally, seeing that in spite of themselves the boys were becoming sleepy. Jim's mother told him to take Dan up to his room, adding that she would go up a little later with another blanket as it was growing so cold.

The boys were enjoying to the utmost their opportunity of spending the night together when she came in and threw a downy comforter over them, stepped to the head of the bed, bent over them so that her hair brushed their faces, and kissed each softly.

The next morning Dan for a minute could not remember where he was. Then there came back to him the fragrance of that black hair and the kiss just before he had fallen asleep. He put his hand up, and gently, reverently touched his cheek where Jim's mother's lips had touched it.

When the boys started for school, Dan's dinner box had been filled just like Jim's and both the mother and sister had told him that he must visit Jim again.

Dan could not put his mind on his lessons. It would keep going over the incidents of the evening before. He was glad when four o'clock came and he was free to think about what he chose. But, as with books over his shoulder and box under his

arm, he once more started on the walk so familiar to him, thoughts of his own home came before him too. There was Jim's mother and his mother. The former's gentleness, sweetness, and interest would come to him. He would try to say to himself, "It doesn't amount to anything anway." Then he would touch the spot on his cheek and could not say it. He could not walk at his usual rate. Once he stopped altogether and sat down by the roadside; fiercely he broke off a milkweed pod, then gently let the white down float through his fingers. Then he trudged on his way again. It was growing dark but he did not care. He felt that he wanted to be hidden.

Just as he turned a curve in the road, he saw on the corner of the street a tall form with a gray shawl wrapped about it and its skirts blowing in the sharp wind. He recognized his mother at once, but just as he was about to wave his hand to her, something stopped him. Evidently she did not see him, for she was leaning forward, seeming just to be holding her market basket and herself from being blown over by the wind, and peering down the street as if in search for someone, an anxious and longing look combined in her face. Dan stopped short. The sensation came through his eyes; it went all over his body, then told him to get where she was.

He ran to his mother and threw his arms around her. Then suddenly fearing that she might guess what his thoughts had been, he turned aside and dashed his hand across his eyes. And in doing so, he did not notice that she was doing the same thing. When in a few moments, he had recovered himself and had turned around, his mother was holding the market basket toward him and was saying, "Come, help me carry this basket."

It was the same voice and the same tone. Dan took the basket. The movement of his arm was the same as it had been many times before. Yet he took it in a different way. He took it from his mother.

EDITORIAL

Many a Bates man at the summons of our country has responded in military service, many another has replied to the same call by returning for a longer period of study. It is right that we do not have the sentiment that one is more fitting or loyal than the other. For while the need for trained men and women with the desire to serve is increasing, the number of those in preparation is of necessity decreasing. Their task is to be prepared to fill the places left vacant by many who are in actual service and to take new positions created by new demands.

It is for us, then, to be ready to grasp as they come the opportunities which are denied to so many others. The privilege of returning to college we should regard as a loan to be paid back

with full interest at the earliest possible moment. It is our duty to insure that patriotism does not end at the edge of the campus. Because we are here is no excuse for feeling that our responsibility to our country is ended or deferred. Service to the nation is not a momentary fad to be lightly taken up and carelessly flung aside as soon as the novelty fades. It is a serious, every-day-in-the-year affair that brings to us a realization of the futility of isolated, individual, selfish effort. In any game, the team which wins is not the all-star aggregation, each playing for his own glory, but the team which works together, every member cooperating with every other. In the same way, the nation which wins in the war today will be the nation which is characterized by the closest team-work, in which every person is working for the whole and not for satisfaction of his individual ambitions.

Since it is important for every one to do his part, even to the conserving of small amounts of food, no one of us would intentionally shirk his duty, yet we sometimes fail to see the opportunities which lie before us. There are many possible responses which each of us can make to the need of our nation and the time has come to make them. Since the opportunity for military service is not theirs at any time, the duties which women can perform do not change so materially. Yet the most fitting response for each of us to make is to do to the best of our ability that thing for which we are here at Bates: to prepare to be of service in the future. To do this we must study with earnest, concentrated effort that when our opportunity comes we may be fitted and ready to fill the place that is allotted *to us*.

'18

THE PROBLEM OF ALSACE-LORRAINE

PROF. A. F. HERTELL

The question of Alsace-Lorraine has been to the front ever since the annexation of these provinces by Germany in 1871. France has always regarded the forced surrender of these vital parts of her domain as a crime. As far as she was concerned, the question could never be considered settled until the reincorporation of her former possessions into her state should have been accomplished. From the very day when they were violently torn from her she has hoped for the fulfillment of this event.

There can be no doubt that France looked upon Alsace-Lorraine as an integral element of her national organization.

She has never for a moment believed that the lost provinces were other than a part of herself, separated from her for a while, but to be regained at some later time to her body politic. Repeatedly has she said to her former citizens by declaration of authority, and through the mouths of national spokesmen: "You are Frenchmen forever." And today not only the opinion, but the declared purpose of France is clearly expressed in the statements of her public men and in the acclaim of her soldiers at the front as well as her civilians in the rear that there can be no peace with Germany until the recession of Alsace-Lorraine to France is finally assured.

To France her lost provinces have always been French. She does not accept for a moment the theory that either racially or politically they ever constituted a part of the German nation. In contradiction to the claims set forth by Germany that Alsace-Lorraine were originally inhabited by Germanic tribes and composed an incorporated portion of the German empire, she has stoutly maintained that ethno-graphically they are of the Celto-Ligurian race, that the regions this side of the Rhine were always Gallic, that France exercised juridical rights far beyond the limits of the frontier of Alsace-Lorraine, that the bonds which

bound these provinces to the Holy Empire had always been exceedingly slender and loose, that Alsace in particular never was an imperial fief, and that many cities formed either independent states like Strassburg or had joined in a federation with a republican constitution. These states often paid tribute and taxes to the Empire, but their dependance on the Empire was never strong nor continued. As late as the middle of the seventeenth century Alsace at least had not yet a unified government. It was largely composed of a scattering of smaller states and independent cities which were not held together by any sense of national unity, by any feeling of solid and collective patriotism, or by any bond of common interest or sovereign authority. Frequently these small principalities fought with and against each other, and it was not until France had set about, during the century that followed the treaty of Westphalia, slowly and methodically, to secure the union of the diverse elements that there was awakened a sentiment of internal cohesion expressed in a marked manifestation of attachment to France on the part of a population which owed to her both the idea of Fatherland and the sense of solidarity. During a period of over two hundred years of peaceful possession it is quite natural to suppose that complete assimilation to the country to which they were joined would bring contentment and the consciousness of national adherence. Never did both provinces prove their loyalty to France better than in the wars of the Revolution and those of the first Empire, and until 1870 Alsace and Lorraine shared splendidly with France in all her joys as well as in her periods of sad distress.

Under no conditions would Germany willingly surrender the territory which she acquired in 1871. She realized as fully as France had, the great wealth and importance of these provinces. Without the iron of Lorraine, the loss of which would have made it impossible for Germany to carry on the present war for more than six months; and without the potash from Alsace indispensable to her agricultural pursuits and in the manufacture of munitions she would have been helpless and crippled. She would not readily give up to those who are her enemies today

and her rivals of tomorrow possessions so valuable in the present war and so prodigious in needful resources. The loss of these provinces would produce an inevitable and rapid decline in her industrial wealth and value. And surely France would find in these mines of iron and potash, when nationalized, a most profitable way to recover a large part of her war expenditures.

France has never ceased to lament the loss of these valuable portions of her realm. That she would have ever sought to recover them by means of war cannot be maintained with certainty. Her statesmen, propogandists, and literary writers, to be sure, crying unceasingly for revenge, have never ceased to keep fresh in the minds of her people a sense of injustice and a feeling of unforgiveness toward her former enemies. But she has hoped for the coming of the day when there would arise a chance for a reconquest and a consequent repossession of these provinces. That opportunity for her seems to be at hand. She looks for a deliverance of Alsace-Lorraine from the galling yoke which their inhabitants suffer, and a restoration of their rights of liberty and self determination.

It has been frequently suggested already before the war and more often during recent discussions of peace proposals, to determine by a plebiscite whether Alsace-Lorraine shall be German or French. Many difficulties present themselves to this project. It could never be carried out with any satisfaction and feeling of final settlement acceptable to both sides. Where would the advantage of such a popular decision lie? With Germany, which, during the years of peace has sought by a fairly benevolent government to win over a disaffected part of her new possession, but in these days of war has by unexpected cruelties and persecutions sought to submit an unwilling people to military autocracy, or with France which claims to have and enjoy today the proofs of the unbroken attachment of the greater majority of those living in these unfortunate provinces and elsewhere as exiles, still loyally bound in undespairing hope and fervent patriotism to the country that claims to be their fatherland, that furnished them shelter and protection during their early years, the means of prosperity and wealth when fully developed.

The decision cannot long delay. On the morrow when the war has ceased, France hopes to welcome back to her bosom those whom she claims protest to remain forever members of beautiful and gentle France.

OCTOBER MORNING

ALICE HARVEY, '18

O, the wind came up from the west right strong
After t'had rained, had rained so long
And drove the clouds like little strayed sheep,—
Like huge white bergs that sail the deep
All down to the east.

In the early sun and the cold Fall air
The out-of-door gloried, rejoiced everywhere
Ten thousand tongues of blinding silver
Sang the joy of the glad, strong river,
Life, life it is glad.

The laugh of the trees all over the land
Put wine in the blood like the sound of a band
As the beeches and maples, the birches and oaks
Tossed up their branches and shook their heads
Like ruddy old farmers exchanging pet jokes,
Life, life it is free.

Would God it were thus in all the earth
Would God that Freedom might come to birth
The travail end of the other side
With Europe's child,—the nation's guide,—
In Democracy.

SOME WOMEN OF FICTION

Interest to-day centers in characters of a novel rather than in the story itself. Modern fiction is the study of men and women and their environments, and thereby a glimpse into the depth of their souls. As the world has progressed, woman has risen in her place and has been portrayed in fiction.

She was written of first in history. But this was unpassionate, with no regard to imaginative elements. It was only when the gnat writers put mind and heart into their women characters that we find them real.

No historical woman in fiction is as human in her nobleness as Romola "the visible Madonna" or as natural in her hypocrisy as the adventuress "Becky Sharp."

Selfishness is pictured very realistically in Balzac's "Baroness de Nucingen", a woman willing to sacrifice her father that she might grace a Paris drawing room. So also the true spirit of self-denial is pictured in the girl Eugenie Grandet, whose life was given up to her miserly father. It has been said that no man knew the mystery of a woman's heart as Balzac did.

But our Hawthorne portrayed women for us. Hilda, a wild rose growing among weeds shows such noble simplicity in her old Tower in Rome. Likewise Phoebe Pyncheon is like a sunbeam brightening the House of Seven Gables. Such a refreshing wholesome girl, yet gifted with a sense so kind that she would "only peep into poor Clifford's mind as far as the light reaches, but no farther. It is holy ground where the shadow falls." Again the author has painted a Hester Pryme, grand in her sorrow and isolation.

Our Thackeray's pen has drawn Beatrice Esmond in all her coquetry like a nymph dancing by a lake. Yet even this lovely woman stooped to folly.

But this woman is not as natural as Becky Sharp, whom we all know and have found so entertaining. Brilliant as her society is, we could not choose to live with her. Many would choose

Jane Austin's heroine, a young woman, natural, clever, fearless and affectionate, Elizabeth Bennett, as mistress of Pemberley.

What women have been pictured by George Eliot's pen! Maggiee Tulliver, suffering keenly, yet sorrowing willingly; Dorothea, enduring her disappointments so quietly. George Eliot has in these characters made woman's power of self-denial so impressive that we compare our misfortunes with theirs, not theirs with ours. They are pictured so natural, so true to life in thought and deed that they become types of womanhood.

In order to give us such women, typical of the women of all classes in all places of human life, the writers must have known joy and sorrow in the very depth of their hearts. Only these can combine such elements of human nature in their imagination and present to us the great women of fiction.

'18

THE MAN WHO WAS AFRAID

LILIAN LEATHERS, '18

Cast of Characters

Mrs. Adams
Mrs. Blake
Mrs. Cushman
Warren Bailey, business man and soldier
Mrs. Bailey, his mother
Frances Adams,
Jean Hudson,
Hilda Sterling,

Red Cross Workers

[Scene. The living room in the house of Mrs. Adams. A bright fire in fireplace at left gives heat and light. There are two windows on the right, a door to the rear. The furniture is plain oak and mission, and the room is tasteful and homelike. Three middle-aged women of the Massachusetts aristocrats are grouped beside the fireplace, knitting.

Mrs. Adams (looking up from the sweater she was knitting) "But why blame the boy?"

Mrs. Blake. "Because he's a coward!"

Mrs. A. "But he isn't really, you know. He is simply afraid—and not his fault either."

Mrs. B. (impatiently) "Well, whose fault is it then?"

Mrs. A. "His mother's."

Mrs. B. (nose in air, for she is very friendly with the mother) "I should like to know how that is. Mrs. Bailey is so proud of Warren. And his father—"

Mrs. A. "His father, yes, was Col. Bailey, who distinguished himself in the 21st Mass. regiment during the Civil War. He

was always the first to go into danger. And his father before him. Why, the Bailey's ancestors were some of the very first to leave Plymouth colony and go up north of Boston to settle. For years every man in the Bailey family has been strong, rugged, and self-reliant. They competed with the forces of nature, with animals; they made homes and a village for themselves, and fought in all the wars. Then they went into trade and built up this great business in Haverhill. You can't tell me anything about the Baileys,—but this Warren, he's a disgrace to the family,,'' (Mrs. A. stopped to take breath and Mrs. B. began at once.)

Mrs. B. ''Really! Ever since his father died, Warren has carried on the business I'm sure. He's very successful, too, very courteous but firm in his business dealings. Now—''

Mrs. Ad. ''You just let me finish, Mrs. Blake. Warren may be good in business but he's afraid just the same. It is his mother's fault. When he was a boy she was scared of the dark, and of fire, and thunderstorms, and mice and snakes, of being left alone in the house and such things,—and she just taught him to be afraid. She would tremble and cry, then tell him how awful those things were until he'd cry and want to hide. Isn't that so, Mrs. Cushman?''

Mrs. Cushman (eagerly). ''Yes it is. And when Mr. Bailey would try to correct Warren, tell him it was nonsense and make a man of him, why Mrs. Bailey would go into hysterics and he'd have to stop. Oh, I know!''

Mrs. A. (continuing before Mrs. Blake could speak). ''And now see. Here all our young men are in the militia or enlisting in the navy and Warren hangs around with the girls. I don't dare mention it to Frances, tho. If this draft bill ever does go into effect, I suppose he'll be more scared than ever.''

Mrs. B. (testily) ''I don't see what the use is of every nice young man enlisting. We aren't really at war yet. Oh, I know the President has issued a declaration of war but that doesn't count!''

Mrs. Cush. ''Well, Warren needn't enlist but is would look better if he would. There's no need of his turning pale, anyway,

every time he sees a gun or watches the boys drilling. But I'll say one thing, he's generous about giving to the Red Cross and he goes to see the militia—when his mother is away. It's her fault—but he is afraid."

Mrs. B. "You sound convinced but I think you'll find you're mistaken." (She finishes her knitting, puts it into her bag decisively, and speaks decisively—as if anyone wanted to stop her) "Anyway, I'm going home."

Mrs. A. (pleasantly since she has won the argument) Don't hurry. You, too, Mrs. Cushman? Then let me take you in the car. Frances will drive."

Scene II

[Scene: A large, well-lighted office. Beside either window on the left are two large upholstered chairs. A filing case is between the windows. On the right is another window and a door, connecting office with the store. In the centre is a large flat desk with a pile of ledgers and letters. Warren Bailey is sitting at the desk when the scene opens:]

Mr. B. (hearing a rap at the door). "Come in." (Two young society girls enter. "Good afternoon, Miss Hudson. How are you today, Miss Sterling." (Placing chairs for them.) "Won't you sit down?"

Miss H. (taking chair) "Thanks, Warren. Isn't it perfectly great out today?"

Mr. B. "It certainly is. How do you happen not to be out riding or playing tennis."

Miss S. "Why nearly all the bunch are out getting Red Cross subscriptions today."

Mrs. B. "That's fine. Who isn't out with you?"

Miss H. "Why, Frances Adams isn't and she's the only one, I guess."

Mr. B. "So you people are out for money—which one has my name?"

Miss H. "I have, ————. Thank you."

Miss S. "Have you seen Roger Blake since he enlisted? He

looks corking in his new uniform. When are you going to enlist, Warren?''

Miss S. ''Don't you do it, for if you went to wearing khaki, we'd all go crazy over you,—even Frances!''

Miss. H. ''Maybe that's what she's after. I saw her just now and she's working in this enlistment drive. Her car is all covered with posters to 'Enlist now, don't be a slacker!' ''

Miss S. ''Frances Adams? I didn't know it. She must be after you, Warren—But you mustn't wear a uniform unless you want us to lose our hearts entire!'' (The girls go out laughing—but Warren doesn't laugh.)

(The door opens again—an hour later—and Frances Adams appears). Miss A. ''Good evening, Warren. What on earth are you doing? All the filing cabinets open and papers and books on every chair—what is the matter?''

Mr. B. (rising slowly) ''Good evening, Frances. Nothing is the matter and I haven't done anything this afternoon.''

Miss A. ''Oh, you're cleaning house. Getting ready to enlist?''

Mr. B. (his curiosity getting the better of his judgment) ''What have you been doing this afternoon?''

Miss A. ''Oh, I've been having the most awful time of it and I came in to see a real man for a change. You see I've been driving around with ''Enlist'' signs all over the car. Then I've been down to the mills making speeches. I talked to a lot of the men afterwards and not one of them but said he wouldn't enlist because he was afraid. It was liquid fire with one, and the gas attack scared another, and the third fainted at the sight of blood, and so on. Oh, but these slackers! I haven't any, use for them! And some of the boys of our own crowd are just as bad, they're scared.'' (She doesn't notice that Warren looks rather uncomfortable and shamed). ''So I came up to see you, for I knew a Bailey was never a slacker.''

Mr. B. (thotfully) ''And so you came to me?''

Miss A. ''Why, of course. Now let's go home,—if you can straighten out this mess.''

Mr. B. ''You go on, Frances. I'll stay and clear this up.''

(Exit Frances.) "So she can't bear a slacker! Well!" (He begins putting away the papers and books.) "Liquid fire—gas—shrapnel—blood!" (He finishes by closing the filing cabinets but it's evident that he is not thinking of his work. He takes his hat to go.) "If I enlist, this office is in a pretty mess for someone to straighten out." (Exit R.)

Scene III

[Dining room at the Bailey home. Warren and his mother are at the table, and tho the meal is over, they sit there talking. Windows occupy space on the right. Two doors are at the rear, between them is a closet filled with rare dishes. A large fireplace is at the left.]

Mrs. B. "Do you know what Frances Adams has been doing today? It's a disgrace for a woman to drive around the streets and then go telling men they must enlist. I am astonished but I suppose you think it is all right."

Warren. "Why what harm is there in it?"

Mrs. B. "Why it's no place for a woman of her standing. But, of course, I might expect you'd stand by her. You were always the best son to me, Warren, but now you think anything Frances does is all right. She would have every man in this town enlist. She says the war is a serious thing and that all our men are necessary but of course everyone knows better. Just as soon as Germany discovers that we have declared war she will surrender. But I won't think of it again. I know *my* boy won't enlist—not even for Frances Adams!" (Mrs. B. rises and comes around to Warren, who has also risen. She already seems indifferent to the possibility of her son's departure.)

Warren. "Well, mother, I enlisted on the way home from work tonight."

Mrs. B. (standing quietly but with amazement and anger in her face.) "You! Frances Adams made you do that! No,—don't try to stop me—you never did that from patriotism. Only what you think is love for that woman made you do that." (Then she begins to show fear) "Warren, think—over there—gas attacks in those trenches—that awful fire that they carry on

their backs and shoot at you, why a thunder shower is nothing to the fire and noise,—and the barbed wire to tear your flesh until blood flows! Warren, you can't, you shan't go, what does she know about you? You can't stand such noise and such sights and smells!''

Warren (after listening attentively) ''It was the last chance to enlist tonight—the troop starts tomorrow for camp.''

Mrs. B. ''You are not to go, sée. I shall see the general tomorrow and have you exempted—why I, your mother, am dependent upon you—and'' (looking keenly at him) ''you are afraid!'' (Triumphantly) 'Didn't I warn you? You can't get over your fear, even the lightning and thunder out doors now are making you afraid this minute. You shall not leave me, not even for Frances Adams,—for you are afraid. Just see how white you are and how you tremble!'' (She starts for the door and he following looks into the mirror—to confirm those words.)

Scene IV

[Same as scene I. Same women. Year later.]

Mrs. Blake. ''Do you remember the last time we were all together here? And, oh Mrs. Adams, do you remember what we said—about Warren Bailey?''

Mrs. A. (frankly) ''Yes, I do, I have thot of our talk many times and wondered if I were wrong. I know I was unjust—but was I wrong?''

Mrs. Blake. ''I have wondered, too. These two years, since Warren enlisted, I have been watching Mrs. Bailey.''

Mrs. Cush. ''And I, too.''

Mrs. Adams. ''She tried every means to keep him. You remember just before the boys were to sail, she took enough poison to make the doctor send for him. He came—and then just got back and sailed with his company.''

Mrs. Blake. ''Yes. She thot it terrible of him to leave her, tho the doctor, said there was no sense in staying.''

Mrs. Cush. ''Yet she loves him in her way. I think she is only afraid.''

Mrs. Adams. "The worst thing she has done was to send him, in camp, clipping of every horrible thing that has happened in the war. She tried to scare him back to her."

Mrs. B. "But think of what he has done. Before he left America he was so proficient as to be made sergeant and then in France he was made lieutenant."

Mrs. A. "The day Mrs. Bailey got the last letter from him, Frances was with her and she said, 'I don't see how he dares' ".

Mrs. C. "Why that's just what the boys say. Richard used to tell me the boys never had any use for him, he was so afraid of everything. They called him a sissy, for he was afraid of snakes and the dark—just like a girl."

Mrs. A. (smiling) "I judge the boys are seeing him from a new angle now. When Jack heard Warren was coming home he was decidedly pleased. Then he tore 'round saying, 'Just think how the boys will act—and the way they used to get after him! Why all he was good for was to sit in the office and go to dances—scared of everything but a girl. And now he's captain, spent a year in camp and a year in the trenches, saved four men and gone out under fire to capture any number of guns. We used to think he was afraid!' "

Mrs. Blake (when the three have stopped laughing) "That's the way they all feel about him now. When does he get home?"

Mrs. Adams (with some excitement) "Why Frances went to Boston to meet him and he's coming here in about five minutes—or less. No," (as they start to rise) "don't go. You may as well meet him here as anywhere."

(A door opens at rear and Frances and Warren enter.)

Frances (looking decidedly proud and satisfied with the world) "Good afternoon—"

Warren (following her and smiling contentedly) "How do you do, ladies. How is Mrs. Adams, and Mrs. Blake, and Mrs. Cushman?"

Mrs. Adams. "Welcome, Warren. You are still looking very fit. Are you glad to get back?"

Warren (without enthusiasm) "Oh yes, I'm rather glad to be home."

Mrs. Blake. "We are so glad to see you, Warren. And we are proud of you, with your rank and honors."

Warren (decently embarrased) "That was nothing much. It is fine to come back to mother tho."

Mrs. Cushman. "Believe me, it is hard, tho, that you are incapacitated for service. Would you go back if you could?"

Warren. "You'd just better believe I would—take the next train,—" (losing his enthusiasm) "if I could." (He just touches his empty left sleeve.)

Mrs. Blake. "Frances, aren't you just as proud of him as you can be?"

Frances (smiling) "It wouldn't be surprising if I were. One likes a *man,* you know."

Mrs. Adams. "But I can't see how you could stand it to face fire and danger so long. (shaking finger at his) "You brot in 4 men under fire, you captured an enemy battery, you—"

Warren (quietly) "Someone must down those Germans! It's rather serious business, and interesting."

Mrs. Blake. 'How brave you must be!"

Warren. "No, I was and am afraid."

[Curtain]